THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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VOLUME XXIX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1850. WHOLE NO. 1505.

Original Poetry.

TO KATHARINE.

WITH THE FLOWER LOVE-IN-A-MIST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY W. H. ALLEN.

Dear girl, I could not live with you,
But oh, I cannot live with part;
Although thy fancies I hate to view,
Thy virtues cheer my heart.
They act so much—so as—so—true—
So true—false—living—fair,
That though thy presence gives me pain,
Thy absence is—despair.

Can't me so I love tempation,
And therefore you adore.
But of all sin I hate cowardice,
And therefore you abhor
A mind that makes you envy base.
As you do—I detest;
And not without cause my girl's self grow
My heart can find no rest.

I love a passing, ruddy lip,
And yours I know is such;
But remorse that ne'er month may rip,
Must shed out, cannot touch.
And purity hands I love not less,
Just such, dear Kate, as thine—
But of their guard murderer's press,
They'll ne'er be proud by mine!

I love a tongue whose very words
Like drops of honey fall;
But oh! I hate lies and lying words
That sting an honest all.
And more than tongue, than sin or thine,
I love an ardent brain—
But if that brain be not all mine,
I will not have a part.

Now prithee, changeling, change thy ways,
Thy wanton manners control—
Be then deserving of my praise.
Or in it shall be
In short all all the goodness die.
And be it as long to hate,
As to the lustre and colors fly,
And there be none, dear Kate.

Original Novelet.

THE TWO BRIDES.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, by T. S. Arthur, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the U. S., of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER V.

It was near the close of a mild day in early autumn. The first light frost of the season had fallen, and the warm weeks were over. The vacant lots that were here and there visible amid the dark green of the trees, had a more dreary look spot in Nature—a silence in the leafy grove, even when, but a little while before, came a gush of melody.

The sun had fallen low towards the horizon, and the western beams came through the open window of Caroline Manvel's chamber, and rested upon the bright like figure of the beautiful girl, and that of her gentle attendant, Anna, who had completed the last dress that Caroline expected to use on the occasion, was about going to her own room. She flake herself preparations for a further wedding. Tears were in her eyes even as she stood and looked admiringly and tenderly into the face of Miss Manvel; and the latter was her little less affected.

"Now, Anna, don't cry," said Miss Anna?" said Caroline, in a voice of the deepest tenderness.

"I don't know, indeed, Miss Anna?" replied Anna, in tremulous tones, as she lifted the hand of Caroline to her face and wet it with tears that she could not restrain.

"Come, Anna, dear, sit down by me," said Caroline, with a kind look and gentle voice of tenderness. Her own voice was unsteady and her eyes moist.

"I wish you were not going to leave me, Anna," continued Caroline. "Oh, if you knew how lonely by me. You have been a good girl—What shall I do without you? Can't you put it into your head to leave a few weeks or a few months, and tell I get a little used to the new relation I am entering? Mamma will be lonely how my heart sometimes sickens back."

If you had said this before," replied Anna, "I should have been some talk about taking him into business, by the gentlemen in the store about it, and—"

"Really, this is encouraging, Anna; I am much gratified to hear that his prospects are so fair as to encourage you to think of him seriously as an eligible match."

"Why, Miss Anna, you that if he should get an interest in the business, his fortune is made."

"Indeed! Why?" There was a quick change in the manner of Anderson, and something like an expression of alarm came into his face.

Mrs. Herbert smiled as she replied—

"Oh, no very serious reason. Only—"

"Only what?" said the ruler as the face deepened.

"Only what?" asked Anderson.

"There are some people always ready to make remarks. I was so three times last night in new eyes fixed meaningly upon me."

"Did you?"

"Yes. And once I turned suddenly towards a but in which were some ladies and gentlemen, unknown to me, and saw that their looks and manner, that either you or I or both of us, were of a subject of remark."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. One of the ladies fixed her eyes upon me so long and so steadily, that my own at last sank beneath their gaze."

"If that is the case," said Anderson, I will not repeat my solicitation for you to accompany me to-night. It would be unkind. For be it known, I am a little vain in respect to my figure in the saddle, and would not like to be the subject of remark."

"Then you will not go?"

"Not if that's the case."

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Mrs. Herbert, in a tone of some surprise.

"Nothing, only I am not in the humor to be stared at."

"Then you will go?"

"I hardly know what to say about that, Mrs. Anderson," replied the lady.

"I hope you would like to see and hear Catherine."

"Yes. I never tire of Mrs. Wood's singing."

"I have already taken seats," said Anderson.

"You have?"

"Yes, and one is for you."

"I think I shall have to let you go alone," said Mrs. Herbert, a light shadow falling over her face.

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Original Lectures.

REV. DR. BAIRD'S

HISTORICAL LECTURES ON EUROPE.

GERMANY AND HUNGARY.

PHONOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

LECTURE IV.

In conclusion of his lecture on Germany, the Rev. Doctor said:

In the long period of one thousand years that the Empire of Germany existed, it is curious to look at the progress of the nation. Civilization has advanced steadily, and the country was very different from what it had been in the time of the Romans. In fact, the Germany in 1800 was as much as it is now; there are no large forests over the face of the country, but in their place the land is well cultivated. Still, although most of these forests are gone, there are yet to be found a few which show what must have been their vast extent in former times. Germany is now a highly productive country, and her exports are numerous and important; she abounds particularly in minerals. The people no longer live as they did in the time of the Romans, but have built for themselves splendid cities, most of them having such fine buildings as Paris and Vienna—and there are other cities, not quite so large, that are remarkable for the beauty of their buildings, which may be said to be unsurpassed in any part of the world. Berlin, the Capital of Austria, situated on the South side of the Danube, is one of the most beautiful and attractive cities in Europe. It has a fortified wall around it, quite a strong fortification, but at present the ramparts are converted into beautiful walks, with trees and passages between them, and the old ditch is now laid out very neatly and elegantly as a flower-garden. If you go out of the city at Vienna over the bridges, you come into the Glacis, as it is called, where there is quite a large space of growing grass, planted with trees and making a very pleasant place for a walk. What is singular in regard to Vienna is that the suburbs are much more extensive and more beautifully built than the main portion of the city. This may be accounted for on the fact that in the outskirts of the city, and purer country life, residence is much more pleasant. A noted beauty, near Vienna, is the *Prater*, a wide and commodious street, just outside the city, where the people go to drive and walk.

Another beautiful city of Germany is Berlin, the Capital of Prussia, which also has two hundred thousand inhabitants, and is a splendid city. It is not very well drained, however, and in Summer is rather unhealthy; it is, nevertheless, being built up very rapidly on both sides of the River—a branch of the Elbe upon which it is situated. There are many beautiful buildings in Berlin which attract the attention of travellers.

Besides these two cities, there are many others in Germany worthy of attention. All these cities are modern. In the old cities there is nothing of the kind in the towns of the Romans, and this gives another beautiful feature to the evidence of the industry of the Germans. Their enterprise is redoubled, moreover, in the construction of excellent roads, and one is quite pleasant to travel in this country; it is very different, however, from travelling in the United States or in England. In Germany, there are nothing like famous ledge corners where the high-ways, and the robbers, where there are any, come directly down to the road from their mountains or forests. The German coast line of road which characterizes the arrangement in the best parts of our own country; they want, also, in order disposition and arrangement of their villages, they are nothing like those in our own country and in England.

The German canal, however, in their system of education, and their places of learning are numerous, and celebrated throughout Europe for their superiority. The people were engaged, by, and at the times of the Reformation, extremely ignorant, and it was not afterwards before they made any progress in learning and literature; the invention of printing was a great spur in the pursuits of their talent; and no one land in Germany fifteen or twenty Universities, all of high standing, with very good Principles and under such an influence, science and the arts have advanced greatly, and as to profound knowledge and deep thinking, I am perfectly safe in saying that there is more of it in Germany than in all the other countries of Europe combined—more, in comparison among these thirty-eight millions of Germans than with all the other inhabitants of the Continent put together. Their school-system, of such excellent growth, have sprung up only in this century—since the year 1801, and it was 1814 before any decisive steps were taken. The compulsory scheme was adopted of the law, so you can very seldom find a German who is unable to read and write.

To look at the history of Germany, through so long existence and even in modern times, you find a great deal of confusion among the different States—one there very often at war with one another. The people that were governed, were united usually, but there are some exceptions to this which are very remarkable—one of these was the great religion war in which I referred in one of my previous lectures, generally known in history as the Thirty Years War, having lasted exactly thirty years; it was begun in 1618, and was terminated in 1648, by the treaty at Westphalia. The Protestants felt themselves compelled to take up arms in defence of their principles, and I have no doubt that they were compelled to the measure, according to the line of such things generally remember; but it was a very disastrous business, and before it was finished there was very little religious feeling remaining either party; both armies committed excesses which are a disgrace to any people, the effect on the country was hardly disastrous; the population diminished most fearfully, and the statements which many historians make concerning it, are almost incredible. At the time of the war, Germany was a perfectly inhabited waste, and it is very apparent that party feel very little to the with that war there was very little of it in the army. But next was only what a reasonable man might expect, a civil war of thirty years duration in all quite sufficient to destroy the religion of a country. The following effect was very generally shown. We have seen, in reviewing the history of Sweden, that Gustavus Adolphus has great celebrity to preserve order among the well-trained soldiers.

Then you come down to the time of Frederick of the house of Brandenburg, who, owing to the ambition of the powerful ancestors of his house became ruler of the whole of Prussia, and took the title of King in 1701, that is the commencement of the Kingdom of Prussia. There have been six Kings in that country, and all of them have been named Frederick William or Frederick; the celebrated Frederick the Great, of Prussia, was the second King of that name. He carried on three wars, and all of them successful—under his government, the country and the population increased; at his accession, Prussia numbered only about three millions of people, full at the end of his long reign, it contained nine or ten millions. His first war, by which he conquered Silesia from Austria, lasted four years; his second war lasted seven years, and the third five years. These increased his territory greatly, and that he conducted in union with Russia and Austria to partition and appropriate Poland.

Generally speaking, the Diet and the Emperor were able to keep things in order, and although they seem to have got along very well until Napoleon broke up all that state of things, and established upon its ruins the Confederation after his overthrow, when the Congress of Vienna came together, they endeavored to reorganize the nations of Germany. It was a very difficult and complicated task; they succeeded in some degree; it reduced the Governments of Germany, by means of union and consolidation, to the number of thirty-eight, of which only four were Kingdoms with very little internal alienation, at the present day. The existing Diet was established in the year 1815, when it gave way the Diet broke up in May, 1848, the same month as the news of the French Revolution reached Germany, new latter broke out in different parts of it. A total war set on foot a Vienna convention, the people overturned the Government, and got possession of every thing, and the Emperor fled from Congress, at all those who did not side with them. The Emperor called the troops of Austria to his aid, and fled the country, but came back after a time. The people remained a Constitution; he promised them one, and ordered it to all their requests at the time. He called a Diet together to make a Constitution, and they went to work at it, but some how or other, they never got through.

At Berlin, the people did just the same thing, and they had some pretty hard fighting in the streets of that city for two or three days; they demanded a Constitution, and it was readily promised by the King. He called a Congress for the purpose, which made some progress in the work, but like the rest of similar legislatures, they never entirely succeeded. The king has given them a Constitution some years before, but it was ordinary machinery, and they considered as a new one. The people of Berlin active very ready and courageous. After several of their companions had been killed by the King's troops, they marched with the dead bodies, by night, in the palace, and gathered in great crowds before that building. The King appeared at the window, and they called upon him to come down; he did so, and came into the court among them. They ordered him to take off his hat, and he very quickly complied, for that was no time to think of dignity; and then he was forces successions they told him to look upon the dead bodies—their countrymen who had been killed by his troops. He made many golden promises, and expressed his sorrow at what had been done; he was not quite in the humor, and soon after the people quietly dispersed. But the cities of Berlin and Vienna—and there were others of Germany in the same situation—did not fall down in regard to their acquisition of liberty. They committed many excesses, and went so far that there was soon a reaction in the public mind, and the people, seeing the force of the Government; the latter took advantage of it, and went to work to overthrow every thing that had been done by the people. The King of Prussia did not at all like these civil commotions, and he terminated them very effectually by calling down to his aid old General Wrangel, of Sweden. He was a very popular efficient officer, who had done a great deal for the country, but had now retired from active service. He was called in command the King's troops at this time, and he came; he rode over the city among the revolters, and he said to them, very coolly, that he did not want to have any fighting, but that he does not serve or submit at all hazards; "and if you will make a disturbance, and I must subdue the city," he added, "I just recollect that *I am old Wrangel.*" And they did recollect that he was old Wrangel, and the name of a distinct officer was a host in itself; they soon dispersed quietly in their houses; and the King returned to his palace.

It was about this time that the Hungarians were struggling for their liberties. The Hungarian people had been a long time unhappy, and were now ripe for a Revolution. Their country was in a very large tract of land, and was governed by fifteen millions of inhabitants; some parts of it are very fertile, and some are not so much indeed, but it is generally well cultivated. In regard to Austria, I may say, here that the people of the Roman Empire, overran; first, by the great Sclavonic tribe, in common with the Russians and Central parts of Europe, and secondly, by the Magyars, who conquered the whole country, and fixed in the valley of the Danube and the mountains. These Magyars became very powerful people, and they have never subjected entirely, and although they do not exceed that number now, they are the most powerful race in Hungary, on the Sclavonic, for the purpose of reconstructing the Empire. In accordance with this proposition, Austria, although they have for a long time been at variance, have now become allies, and they have their own monarchs, and were distinguished as a very warlike people; they had many wars with the Turks, and were the first to repel them in the country, but now are entirely driven out of the Turks to Europe, which the Mahometans have entirely overrun; they have, in fact, the barbarest of the whole war, while they protected the rest of Europe. The whole history of the people of liberty; one of their Kings, about the thirteenth century, gave them a Constitution, which was called the Golden Bull, and is their Constitution, or Bill. The Hungarians then, like the Germans, were very fond of liberty, and long before the thirteenth century—and claim that it is as ancient as the English Magna Charta; be this as it may, this charter secured them considerable freedom under their Kings—a course of time, however, Hungary became united to Austria, and it happened in this way. The Kings of Austria, by the death of the last heir at the whole war, while they protected the rest

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1850.

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STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,

No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,

Where Pamphlets, Handbills, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.

DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

By the Europa, which has arrived at New York since our last, we have several additional items of intelligence, though nothing of great importance in the political or commercial world. Cotton was firm, and there had been a small advance in breadstuffs. It is reported that Queen Victoria, accompanied by Prince Albert and the Prince of Wales, contemplates another visit to Ireland during the ensuing Summer—probably to extend as far as Limerick. Lager beer appears to be in Madrid, journals are expecting, in the way of potatoes.

Wordsworth, the Poet, was buried at the little church of Grasmere, on Saturday last, with all due venerable decorum. The funeral was intended to be as private as possible, but the great number of index and gentlemen assembled to pay honor to the remains of the illustrious dead was very large. There was a long procession of carriages and horsemen, and the church was filled with the most prominent citizens in the neighborhood. Quite an excitement has been kept up in England by the appointment to the vacant station from Cuba, and the Government does not appear to be in favor of the measure. The London correspondent of the North American says:—

At a numerous large political meeting held in Tuesday, W. B. Ferrand, Esq., spoke of the great benefit to the country from the Earl of Lincolnshire over the ministerial party, and he brought the word like from Lord Stanley, that the Earl of Lincolnshire would not be dismissed from the office which had been conferred on him. And, in connection with this, it is stated that the seal of the "immortal Pitt," and no other's should be used on the occasion. Here Mr. Ferrand's speech was cut short by the cheers of the Liberals, and the Earl of Lincolnshire was left to enjoy the triumph of his imprisoned man, and to sample sparingly in and gives the Earl a very real flag, level if with the ground."

Europe is British at last, having once tried, with more than *Army* zeal, to level the same "down" to the ground, and was forced to show off. But, I am afraid, the Earl has not got the seal of the "immortal Pitt," and no child's play will prevent it. Here Mr. Ferrand's speech was cut short by the cheers of the Liberals, and the Earl of Lincolnshire was left to enjoy the triumph of his imprisoned man, and to sample sparingly in and gives the Earl a very real flag, level if with the ground."

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"But, (said Mr. Ferrand,) now you shall hear the language of a Minister with a cotton mouth. Lord Clarendon said the relations with the United States Minister member received, he was sorry to say, from the Earl of Lincolnshire, (a loud ministerial cheer,) but it did not follow from that circumstance that there would be any advantage in further pressing the matter." So, now, it appears, that the American have discovered that we are at present in the power of the British subject in prison, and they do not care a fig of the Queen, because they have got the power of dealing with Ministers with cotton seeds! Mind the word cotton-seed. There is a great deal meant to be made. There is no instance on record, (continued Mr. Ferrand,) where the conquest of a more cruel and humiliating conduct; and it appears now, as if there was no other alternative left us but the protection of the British flag is to be left to the protection of the British flag is to be left to the protection of the British flag is to be left to

Selected Poetry.

SPRING.

Some renovating spirit seems to come on,
Wherever a spot which every heart adopts.
Some sweet and welcome influence seems to chase on
With the fresh growth of leafy flirt.
Our clouded souls seem kindling into brightness,
Our thoughts, like wild birds, seem to fit and soar,
Round all our praises with a serener lightness
Joy! the weakest subject of the Spring!

The merry children, who are out acquiring,
With silvery voices, thrill the grand air,
And fancy lives as in the sensual carrying,
Where eager fingers pluck the dearest fair!
And back they come, masters of healthful nature bounded,
And at our feet their fragrant offerings fling.
Curbside and corner of childhood's actions wounding
Childhood, the type and favorite of Spring.

They tell me that the primrose tufts are blowing
In snow-like colors, and with straw-like mantle,
Their hairy-lough and herbivorous lives are passing
Content beside the wood-pecks and old walls.
And that the daisies, scattered o'er the common,
Our every field into watery lawns fling,
And that in loneliest nooks the violets simmer
In dewy evanescence, redolent of trembling.

They tell me that in cloud-land, larks are panting
With the deep essence of prodigal song,
And that the throat is never tired of chanting
The dampening shades of lower roots among.
That the sweet season's gladsome call is bringing
Back to our ears the swallow's merry wing!
That the proud herbaceous spirits are blowing
Pennons of pearly or the breast of Spring.

Oh, let me share the festive chant or clatter,
Share all her fragrance, all her sounds of joy,
Love with delight on every vacant matter,
With the old love and wonder of a boy.
Break out, my mind, in blossoms of serene raining,
And to my heart its wounded music bring.
Thou! may feel the dead to their sweet awakening
Prime in my soul, and know that all is Spring.

Choice Extracts.

LIFE IN CALIFORNIA.

FROM BAYARD TAYLOR'S NEW WORK "EL DORADO."

HOW TO GET ELECTED IN CALIFORNIA.—In addition to my duties of correspondent, on visiting the Volcano, I was empowered with a political mission to the diggers. The candidates on the Mokelumne gave me letters to some of them, and packages of tickets which I was enjoined to commend to their use. On delivering the latter, I found I was considered as having authority to order an election—a power which I never exerted only in the Project of the District or his special agents. At the suggestion of some of the miners, I went with them to the Alcalde, in order to have a constitution. I disclaimed all authority in the matter, but explained in brief the manner in which the elections were to be held on the river, and recommended them to adopt a similar system. Owing to the short time which elapsed between the Governor's proclamation and the day of election, it was impossible for the Project of each district to notify all the organized communities. The only plan, therefore, was to meet on the appointed day, publicly elect Judges and Inspectors, and hold the election in all other respects according to the requirements of the Constitution. This was agreed to by the late-grave of the Volcano as the most advisable mode of action. But behind how many it is, in a primitive community like this, to obtain the proper result. There was, on one of the tickets in the San Joaquin District, a candidate for the State Senate, whose surname was the same as mine, and Mount Volcano, as I afterwards learned, took me to be the same individual. "We will vote for Taylor," said they, "because he came here to see us, and because he appears to be interested for us." Accordingly, the whole vote of the place was given to my name-sake, but intended for me. Had I known the fact sooner, I might have been tempted to run for Alcalde, at least.

THE CALIFORNIA GRAND.—There is one peculiarity about the Californian cafés, which I do not remember to have seen elsewhere. At the top or head of the long dammer season, their fare becomes bottle, and frequently at noon-day, when not a breath of air is stirring, a row of dust-coat coats parts from the trunk without the slightest warning mood, and coops loudly to the earth. More than one instance is related, in which persons have been killed by these falls. For this reason the native Californians generally camp outside of the range of the limbs.

THE CALIFORNIA CONVENTION.—The Clear occasionally made a laughing decision, whereupon two of the members, who had previously served in State Assemblies, would over that in the whole course of their legislative experience they had never heard of such a thing. Now and then a scene occurred, which was unmixing enough. A motion being before the Convention, declaring that every citizen arrested for a criminal offence should be tried by a jury of his peers, a member, unfamiliar with such technical terms, moved to strike out the word "peers" and insert "I don't like that word 'peers,'" said he, "it isn't republican: I'd like to know what we want with peers in this country—we're not monarchy, and we've got no House of Parliament. I vote for no such law."

THE FARE.—After many trials, I finally contented there (the fare is equal to all their cooking. There is a thick, green shrub in the forest, whose powerful balsamic odor is too much for them. After escaping the first and opening it with water, I put down my beef, peremptorily will chance, and surrounded it with a rim of vase-cedrus of this shrub, whole enough to prevent their approaching it. This saved me, and I ended from the fact, I took my rest-mosquitoes, to her utter discomfiture.

AFFECTIONATE BEATING A HORSE.

At the center end I, mounted on a lame horse, were shuffling along in state, we espied a venerable old animal before us, walking in the same direction. The center nipped off the bridle, ran forward and took his place without my difficulty. There was no sign of any camp to be seen, and we came to the conclusion that the horse was an estray, and we might therefore actually make our kill. He was the most grotesque specimen of horseflesh I ever saw—lame, like our own—and with his forehead broken so shaver the eyes, which did not prevent his having a case of most extraordinary length and prominence. The latter bridle hung on the mantel, leaving me his own horse and saddle, so that we were most equally provided. By dint of shouting and kicking we kept the beasts in a sort of shambling gallop till we reached Rouey's Rancho, where the latter declined any further removing the bridle and letting the horse stand loose; the custom of the miners being, to shoot a man who puts his gear on your horse and rides him without leave.

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As it happened, the precaution was not illtimed; but, while we lay inside the tent on a couple of benches, the owner and attendants took some one outside. "There you are!" said the owner, "what do you mean, you still mean? I have seen you here! you know you never let me be here, you know you never do!" Still was forcing the bolt-keeper, who was standing by the cooking-fire, he inquired: "how did that horse get here?" "Why!" answered the farmer, with a slight variation of the truth, "he was drawn in this morning by some men who found him in the road, about three miles from here. The men have gone on to Stockton, but left him, thinking we might have an owner somewhere, though he don't look like it." "That's mine!" ejaculated the owner. "I'll see the mules from here, where I camped, and the horse never left me before; you know you didn't you cause?" Then, running into the tent, he repeated the whole story to us, while mentally ascertained that the horse should have left. "He doesn't look to be much," added the man, "but I've had him two years among the mountains, and never saw such another wonderful knowing animal."

THE FAITHFUL DOG.

One man on he in Monterey a single night, without being startled and awed by the dark, solemn grandeur of the spot. It breaks living creatures. There is no continuous roar of the plunging waters, as we have in the mountains, but a sound like, again, regular swells—quiet pulsations of the great Creative heart—and which no unbroken listen, and fall with single grand crashes, with intervals of total silence between. They can be heard through the day, if one listens, but a solemn undertone to all the shallow murmur of the town; but at midnight, when all else is still, those successive shocks fall upon the air with a sensation of unspeakable sublimity. It is the sea, from the pure forests to the sea, is filled with a light breeze, and the intermediate basin of sound and strong enough to get a delicate cadence. Their constant repetition at last produces a feeling something like horror. I spent more and wondered by some reading sooner could scarcely hear the continuous roar.

When there has been a gale outside, and a morning of dashing elevations succeeds a night of ing and cool wind, the sounds are loudest and most magnificent. Then their hour of doom are long upstream like a snowy fringe along the dark-blue here of the sea, and a light, glittering mist constantly rose from the yellow curve of the shore. One quiet Sunday afternoon, when the ripples was such as to be almost felt in the mind earth, I walked and along the sand till I had passed the anchorage, and could look on the open Pacific. The surface of the bay was comparatively calm; but within a few hundred yards of the shore it quivered with a new, majestic movement, forming a single line more than a mile in length, which, as it advanced, presented a perpendicular front of clear green water, twelve feet in height. There was a gradual curving in of this emerald wall—a concentration of strength—the whole mass fell forward with a thundering crash, hurling the illuminated spray thirty feet into the air. A second rebound followed; and then the hurling, seething waters raced for up the sand with a sharp, trampling, metallic sound, like the jingling of a thousand bars of iron. I sat down on a point of rock, where the highest crest burst, and watched this sublime phenomenon for a long time. The small-talk subsided me comfort and rekindled the sound, prolonging it from crash to crash, so that the ear was constantly filled with it. Once, a tremendous swell came in close on the heels of one that had just broken, and the two mingling, made one wave, higher than far beyond the water-line, and buried me above the knees. As far as I could see, the shore was white with the subsiding deluge. It was a fine illustration of the magnificent language of Scripture: "He maketh the deep to boil like a pot; he maketh the sea like a pot of ointment; one would think the deep to be hoary."

SOCIETY IN CALIFORNIA.

It cannot be denied that the very activity of California must produce a certain spirit of restlessness, highly inimical to dangerous excesses. The talents of the people are not directed to the most very slow and deliberate, branches into all kinds of wild adventure, the necessary effect of the sudden glow and expansion which they experienced. Those who retained their health seemed to revel in an exuberance of animal spirits, which carried them with scarce a jar over barriers and obstacles that would have checked them in the old stand. There was something exceedingly hearty, cordial and encouraging in the social circle of a rural intercourse. The ordinary forms of courtesy were flung aside with a bluntness of good-fellowship and manly confidence, under the circumstances, one. I was constantly reminded of the stories of Northern Europe and of the stout Vikings of Jacis who exulted in their very passions and made them forward to blows as we would greet a friend at the feast, and meet coolly kindled with the rage at battle. Indeed, it required but little effort of the imagination to believe that we were, in age, when the rugged gold-diggers, with their long hair and ruddy beards, were grouped around some mountain camp-fire, revelling in the rough light, and giving full play to a fearless and poetical and promised that it would not have shamed the Berserkers.

The most remarkable moment into which the Californian run, are drinking and gambling.

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Allow me to give you a small portion of my life. I was born in this city, was young, I was innocent, I could pure milk, and did not chew my cuttoneen. But when I became familiar with the whays of the world, I was led into temptation, fell from grace, and lost that virtue was dangerous, and was led astray by a cowherd to accept it for my portion. In short, there was a pump convenient to my house, and I soon learned that pumping was far easier than milking. Where I obtained a quart of milk by hard labor, I could throw in my contemporaries were astonished at my success, and they laughed that I possessed a stock of wonderful cows, which I kept in the cellar, and which I could propagate pump. I was called benevolent and generous, because I gave away milk, but I knew my feelings with the world been less rewarded and more careful of my character than my pursuits. I was constantly watched, and grew and deliberate in their temperament—but they lacked the fiery energy and impetuosity which enabled me to be successfully forward—the dangers which surrounded them at the outset would have deterred me from the enterprise. Beside, this energy did not run at random; it was in the end directed by an enlightened understanding to the most profitable objects which is the strength and serenity of a well-ordered mind. Instead of being a curse to me, it inclined to show that the worst passions of our nature were capable of conversion to the use of California, but the one great lesson of the settlement and organization of the country is of a character to be understood by all.

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CROCHET COLLAR.

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To describe it won't take long
To take you from A to Z.
And to sew your cotton's strong.
There's nothing else to finish off the Collar
To make your work go wrong.

Again, the rough engraved,
A chain, you'll then repeat
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GOODNESS OF HEART.

Yes, goodness of heart is the great redeemer. When united to genius, what a multitude of faults will it not cover! Burns, for instance, though with the dimness of the last Pleiad, even through the obscuration of vice. Few had ever a more numerous or a more devoted band of friends than the wayward and sable-hearted one. Fast; and what has not lured Sheridan despite all his failings?—above all, Goldsmith? for his life was one long act of failing, and yet who ever withheld from his vanity and forgot that nothing but the gentlest and fastest of hearts could have redeemed, and redoubled the sound, prolonging it from crash to crash, so that the ear was constantly filled with it. Once, a tremendous swell came in close on the heels of one that had just broken, and the two mingling, made one wave, higher than far beyond the water-line, and buried me above the knees. As far as I could see, the shore was white with the subsiding deluge. It was a fine illustration of the magnificent language of Scripture: "He maketh the deep to boil like a pot; he maketh the sea like a pot of ointment; one would think the deep to be hoary."

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Wit and Humor.

A SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATION.

Mr. Editor:—I am the ghost of the departed Mr. Goldbeater, rather better known in this world for the effects of long and laborious rapping. I was down, as my one would do that wasn't a ghost, to the Rappers, a literary association of which I am and to deny certain false reports which have been circulated to my discredit.

I am a very respectable ghost. Although I have seen fit to assume myself a little lately, by reason of my couple's doors and knocks, I am not on reason why I should not pass for a respectable ghost, and a very good one.

Allow me to give you a small portion of my life. I was born in this city, was young, I was innocent, I could pure milk, and did not chew my cuttoneen. But when I became familiar with the whays of the world, I was led into temptation, fell from grace, and lost that virtue was dangerous, and was led astray by a cowherd to accept it for my portion. In short, there was a pump convenient to my house, and I soon learned that pumping was far easier than milking. Where I obtained a quart of milk by hard labor, I could throw in my contemporaries were astonished at my success, and they laughed that I possessed a stock of wonderful cows, which I kept in the cellar, and which I could propagate pump. I was called benevolent and generous, because I gave away milk, but I knew my feelings with the world been less rewarded and more careful of my character than my pursuits. I was constantly watched, and grew and deliberate in their temperament—but they lacked the fiery energy and impetuosity which enabled me to be successfully forward—the dangers which surrounded them at the outset would have deterred me from the enterprise. Beside, this energy did not run at random; it was in the end directed by an enlightened understanding to the most profitable objects which is the strength and serenity of a well-ordered mind. Instead of being a curse to me, it inclined to show that the worst passions of our nature were capable of conversion to the use of California, but the one great lesson of the settlement and organization of the country is of a character to be understood by all.

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Selected Articles.

THE PERSONAL CHARACTER OF PERICLES.

It required no new artist to awaken an interest in that extraordinary man. To all students of literature Pericles is most always have appeared as the central figure of Grecian history. His form, and manner, and outward appearance are all well known. We can imagine that since we almost forbidding aspect, which repelled rather than fascinated intimacy; the impetuous gesture; the hand-to-hand disputation—already before us in the dialogues of Plato—and the calm, self-possessed oration from the steps of the Pnyx—all these are familiar to us. We know the stair; reserve which reigned through his whole life and character. Those great features were never seen to relax into laughter—twice only in his long career to melt into tears. The self-discipline and severe administration he never accepted an invitation to dinner but once, and that to his nephew's wedding, and then only by only till the libation, that is (as we should say) till the urging of grace. That profound courtesy could never be disturbed by the bitterest persecution of aristocratic enmity or popular violence. Even when the sentence of banishment was carried against him all the way from the Assembly to his own house, hooting him with all the opprobrious epithets with which, as we know from Aristophanes, the Athenian mob could assail a statesman, and his own person hissed, then, on arriving at his own door, to turn to his torch-bearer with an order to light his torch at once, as if he was still the same. Amidst the passionate gesticulations of Athenian oratory he stood alone, self-centred. Athenian mob, his self-possession was never lost. His style was never overloaded with ornament, but was ever studied and measured. Every speech that he delivered he wrote down previously—a habit very time that he was ever known to have spoken without eager or ready, but takes but or cold, it quietly reduces disturbances in the stomach or the head, and generally eases. And it is one of the very best antidotes to intemperance; a glass of water, hot, cold, or tepid, before or after meals, is not habitually, as the Arabs and Egyptians, are proverbially temperate. Nobody craves after water, and nobody ever sinks under its influence; and wherever taken strong coffee when drank, it immediately sugar or milk, both of which are efficacious than anything else in cooling the blood, clearing the watery stomach, and *in short taking the taste out of the mouth.* Coffee is a cold stimulant, and some how or other, so acts on the liver as to produce biliousness.

And it we remember correctly, it is an antidote to opium.

Doctor Burdell said coffee was a mortal poison, and he proved it, by drawing from a cup of the best Java, till he got five drops of Prussic acid, one of which killed a cat. There's science for you! If a few minims prussic acid make away my mad-dread-drink with a batch of bread, and I'll be happy. Here's a few cart loads of prussic. Whiskey, the staff of death, is made from wheat. It is bread, the staff of life.—*Public Ledger.*

POETRY AND THE AGE.

To decry the sacred thirst of poetry is sophisticational, because it is vain. It is an instinct of the heart, and, like all instincts, it is true in its own way or other, whether by wholesome or unwholesome, whether by legitimate or illegitimate means. But being sacred, to deny it is profane; and being a passion of noble nature, it is a sign of encouragement to all. Do not then pass that its tendency is to disgust men with the duty they owe to the world, for it is a disgust never nature that may be; for it does not elevate men above duties, but all things around and in His daily employment, before a cold and hopeless task, becomes blinded with, and colored by the passion—effectless: its consummate and creations are exercises both of the heart and the mind.

To him the meanest, simplest flowers that blow Do more to thoughts that he too deep for tears.

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COFFEE.

Some of the French Roman have lately raised sundry questions, and have prosecuted numerous and learned discussions before the French Academy of Sciences, which tend to prove that coffee is a wholesome beverage. We are glad of the fact the habit of coffee drinking. In the late Dr. Bardell, a dentist of New York, undertook to prove that it was a mortal poison. Mr. Dupuis, Professor of Scientific Agriculture, bearing of some healthy miners on the frontiers of Belgium, who subsisted entirely for many weeks days, was a pint of coffee with bread and butter for their breakfast, a pint better for dinner, and a quart of coffee for dinner and drink at other times, and cooked potatoes, cabbage, or other vegetables, bread and butter and coffee for supper, and a little meat and two quarts of beer additional on Sundays and festival days. This is not so bad, if they have enough at it!

But here was trouble. The Professors had already decided that acute or chronic poisoning by nitrous principle; and that the constituent which less acute than that of the most coarse religious tales. So Mr. Gasparin gave up acute and took to chronic.

Another Professor made some allowance for a healthy system, a healthy locality, and many others little circumstances. The great Magendie, who never was seen, was ever very fair at all, and proceeded to show that many substances were healthy without much acute. Mr. Walsh, who has lived in Algiers, and who is a French soldiers in Algiers, who drank much coffee, and to the astonishment of the Egyptian officers, who drank still more. Mr. Walsh, who tells these things, suggests that, on the whole habit of coffee drinking, it is not the half discovery rest, the discovery did the business. He found that the English consumes, annually, 19, 37,000,000 of pounds of coffee, and 22,000,000 of cocoa, and that the former consumption of coffee that he knows, in the sweet Spanish scorn —cocoa) used in the South of France.

All this is very encouraging to coffee pots, and therefore disliking both *genius* and *effervescence*, we do not think much of the whole story. But we do think much of coffee as a beverage. Tea is a Chinese invention, and is not like it as its consumption increases. All the world over, it is the beverage of the people, on the Potomac, Delaware, and other of our rivers, also on the *Grand Bank*, and *all along the coast*. It is the beverage of the poor of Ireland, as it originally, and disposes with rum and all kinds of cheapness. It has been found in